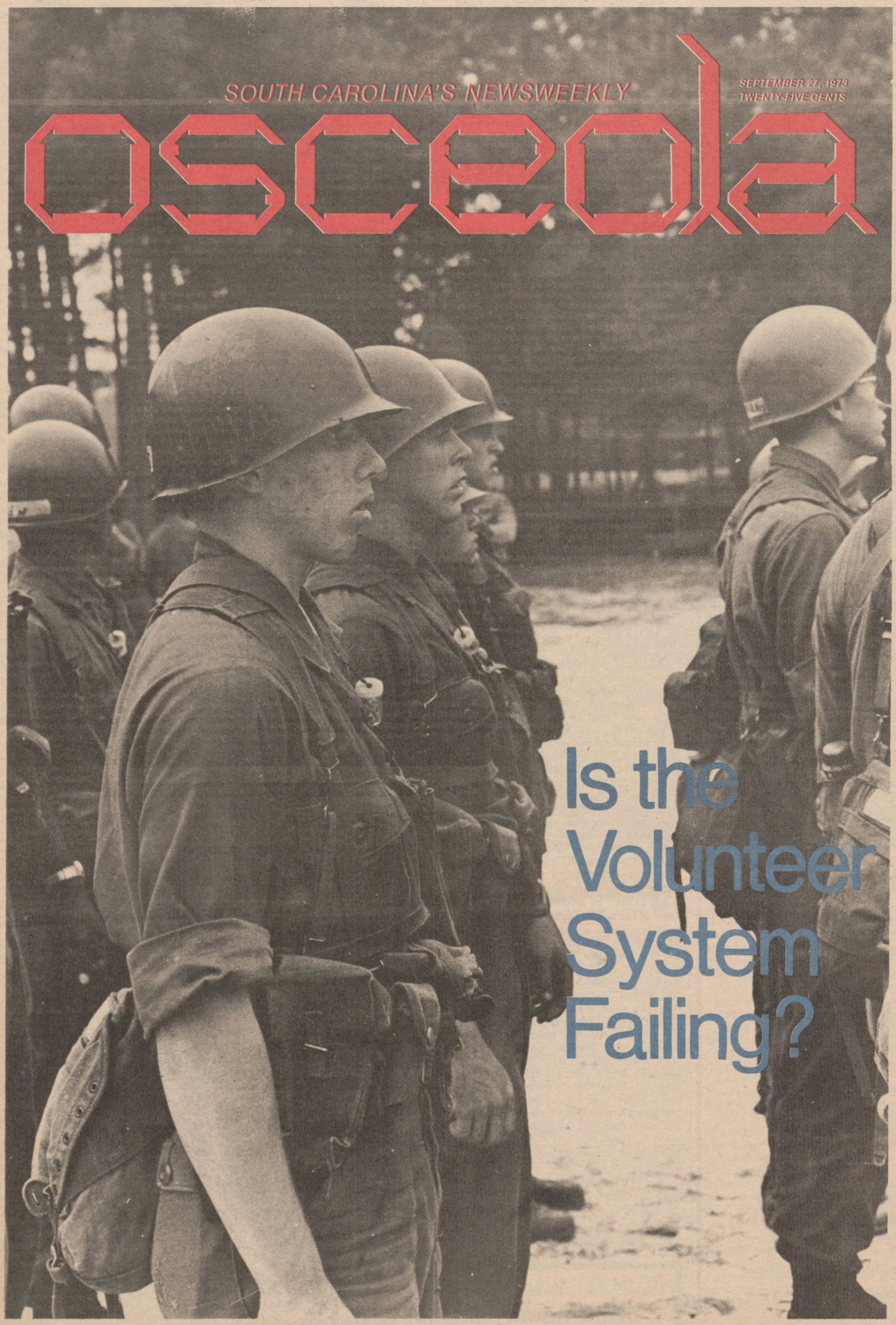
SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 27, 1973
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

osceola



Is the Volunteer System Failing?

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbuktu"

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 12

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Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., 1918 Blossom Street (P.O. Box 5033), Columbia, S.C. 29250.

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Telephone: 254-7086
(business and editorial)

Third Class postage paid at Columbia, S.C.
Published weekly.

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ADVERTISING
For advertising display rates, call Glenn Snyder at 254-7086 or write the above address.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
Subscriptions are $5 (six months), $8 (one year) and $14 (two years). Send name, address and zip code with check to:
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Printed by Bruner Publications, Inc., Lexington, S.C.

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Cheap Shots

The South Carolina Democratic Party held a fund-raising event in conjunction with the National Democratic Telethon last Saturday night at the Wade Hampton Hotel.

Cocktails, political company, celebrity phone calls, and an auction were promised, and delivered—sort of. Perhaps 150 people drifted through the ballroom during the night, including political heavies Rep. Bryan Dorn, state party chairman Don Fowler, and...well, everybody else it seems was at the Carolina-Georgia Tech game. Although donations were actively solicited, the majority of the money raised came from two strategically-placed bars where drinks (poured from those big bottles) were a dollar a shot.

A phone hook-up with the national telethon produced several celebrity calls, although the much-hoped-for and often-promised call from Senator Ted Kennedy never arrived. Subbing for Kennedy were actor-singer Ed Ames and Texas Senator Lloyd M. Bentsen, whose drawl was greeted by shouts of "That ain't Ted Kennedy" and "Who the hell is that?" The only other caller was Governor John West, who was apparently out of state and hadn't heard the Carolina-Georgia Tech score. "What?" West exclaimed incredulously. "Carolina's winning? South Carolina? Are you kidding?"

The auction was the highlight of the evening. Rep. Mendel Davis contributed cufflinks. Mrs. Hollings threw in bracelets she picked up on a European junket. Columbia attorney Tommy Mann, who organized the event, was high bidder on several slow-moving items, and Congressman Dorn—who made the most of Lt. Governor Earle Morris' absence by shaking hands and buying drinks—paid too much for a mediocre print—but it was for the Party, after all.

A local socialite, who has attended several such events, was overheard commenting that it wasn't the worst party of the year. "The band is dead," she said, "but the pretzels are great!"

Because Osceola is relatively new to South Carolina, we are not surprised when people say they have never heard of us. We do find it interesting, however, that many who have heard of us simply refuse to acknowledge our existence. Take the State-Record Company and the S. C. Public Service Authority, for example. Several weeks ago, Osceola printed a story outlining some of the questionable land practices—past and present—of the Public Service Authority. The story was based in part on interviews with PSA assistant manager Joe Norman—exclusive interviews conducted just prior to the filing of suit against the Authority by four Columbia environmentalists. About the time our first, rather lengthy story appeared, The State began a series of articles which contained some of the information which appeared in Osceola. There's a simple explanation for that—much of the basic data was gathered by the Columbia Audubon Society and made available to both newspapers. The Norman interview, however, was an Osceola copyrighted "exclusive." In the interview, Norman said many things which were contradicted by the facts uncovered during the Osceola/Audubon investigations. For example, while Norman contended that it was impossible under present PSA regulations for a private individual to sell a lease on unimproved recreational property and thereby turn a tidy profit without a significant investment, Osceola contacted real estate dealers in the Santee-Cooper area who offered to sell PSA leases on unimproved property at prices ranging from $6,000 to $25,000.

In several of its PSA stories, The State used information culled from the first Santee-Cooper story published by Osceola. One story reprinted verbatim three paragraphs from the Norman interview—without mentioning the source of the remarks other than to state they were made to "a reporter." We don't mean to be petty. We feel it is important that news reach the maximum people possible, and our circulation is dwarfed by that of The State. However, it is standard journalistic procedure, particularly when material is copyrighted, to mention the source of exclusive information.

The Public Service Authority has also chosen to ignore the information set forth in our recent article. On Wednesday, a letter from Robert S. Davis, PSA board chairman and president of the R.L. Bryan Company, appeared in The State's letters column. Davis maintains in the letter that "Other features of the present policy prohibit the transfer of leases without board approval, which, initself, will avoid sale of such leases." Davis also maintains that when new lots are created, a completely objective waiting list system is used to award the leases.

Davis' statement that leases on the public lots can no longer be sold is simply untrue. One of the real estate dealers contacted by Osceola who is in the business of selling such leases commented quite casually that he had sold numerous leases in the past several months. If it is true that the PSA board must approve all transfers, then the board has obviously been a part of these transactions.

As to the objectivity of the waiting list policy, a comparison of PSA leasing records and the PSA waiting list reveals that several individuals not on the waiting list have received first leases on new lots since 1970—the year Davis contends the policy went into effect.

Osceola has also received reports that an unidentified contractor recently contacted an individual involved in the current land-leasing controversy and stated that he was present at a meeting between a PSA commissioner, also unidentified, and an individual who has just been awarded a lot in a new PSA subdivision and witnessed an exchange of money which he described as "a payoff" given to the commissioner for his assistance in securing the lot. The contractor also stated that he had used state equipment to do grading work for at least one individual in the same subdivision.

Two legislative committees were recently formed to study Public Service Authority practices. Certainly the serious allegations raised by Osceola, The State, and the Columbia Audubon Society deserve the attention of these committees—assuming, of course, that there are legislators on these committees who do not have a vested interest in maintaining PSA's dual land policy system.

One of the committee's is chaired by Rep. James Moss, a house member from Beaufort County. Moss has a reputation for being unafraid to buck the powers-that-be; we would suggest that Moss begin by looking into statements by a large number of individuals familiar with the Santee-Cooper area that no public leases on the reservoirs have been let to blacks.

The continuing sage of Bill Harden and Cyril Busbee took an interesting turn this week. Harden, you'll remember, was the young educator who left his job as Title I (federal funds for education) coordinator in the Orangeburg Bowman School District after he pointed out to Busbee and others the misuse of federal funds. (A federal suit has since confirmed most of Harden's charges.)

Harden, being the brash sort of chap that he is, has written letters to Busbee requesting clarification of S. C. Department of Education policies. Busbee, being the tightlipped-status-quo-politico that he is, has said nothing; that is, until last week when he responded to Harden's specific requests with the following: "Be assured that the State Department of Education will do everything possible to insure continued improvement in the management, operation, and effectiveness of the State's various education programs."

Harden, incredulous at the "pile of bull" (his words) that the Superintendent had dealt him, wrote Busbee this week asking:

"(1) Do you intend to issue a press release detailing the findings of the audit of Title I in South Carolina for the years 1968-70?

(2) How long has your 'crackdown' on Title I offenders in South Carolina been in effect? Please state the approximate commencement date.

(3) Do you expect a settlement on the Title I audit exceptions in the near future and what will the approximate settlement figures be?"

If Busbee's response is in keeping with his past record, he'll probably respond sometime next year, if at all.

And so the continuing story of Bill and Cyril goes on; never quite culminating.

The impact of Watergate on the American public has been demonstrated in many states by the demand for more stringent ethics laws for elected officials. In Alabama, however, the legislature has gone a step further by passing an ethics law which not only regulates elected officials, but also affects news reporters.

The bill requires legislators and state officials whose income exceeds $12,000 per year to disclose their income sources and amounts by category. A five-man Ethics Commission, created by the legislation, is empowered to ask for detailed information and, if necessary, use subpoena power to obtain records.

In order to cover government officials, reporters, according to the law, would have to be certified by the Ethics Commission. If uncertified, the law says a reporter will not be allowed in the state press galleries, press room or any public press conference.

According to the law, reporters have to reveal the names of their employers before they can be certified. Although legislators and other government officials are not required to do so.

Rep. Joe McCorquodale of Jackson said that because reporters influence legislation they should be required to reveal their sources of income.

While the concept is interesting whoever did the research for this piece of legislation obviously overlooked a minor superceeding regulation—the First Amendment.

Though Blacks have made considerable social, political, and economic gains in the past 10 years, the number of practicing black high school principals in South Carolina paradoxically has plummetted over the same time, a recent study shows.

The study, a Ph.D. dissertation in Educational Administration by Jeremiah Floyd, a Laurens native who is now director of urban and minority affairs for the National School Boards Association, states that the number of black principals dropped from 142 to 46 between 1963-64 and 1972-73.

Called "A Study of Displaced Black High School Principals in the State of South Carolina, 1963-1973," the work reports that the number of high school principalships held by both races in the state have declined by 36 percent. The rate of decrease for black principals, however, was four times as great as that for whites.

As a result, the study says, the number of white principals has increased in the past 10 years from 60 to 80 percent, while black principals experienced a corresponding drop from 39 to 20 percent.

The study asserts that professional preparation and experience appear to be unrelated to the displacement, noting that all the black principals responding to the study had master's degrees, 96 percent had been issued by the state the Standard Professional Administrative Certification, 96 percent also had five or more years of classroom teaching experience and the average amount of administrative experience for the black principals was 20.5 years.

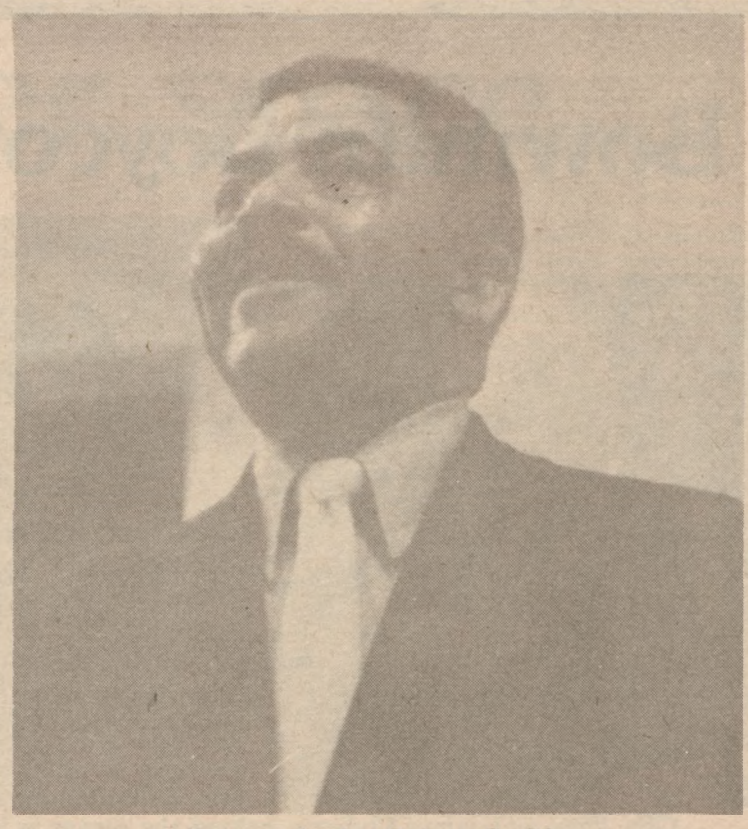
The study gives no reason for the drop.

Inflation Inflation

Huntington

Save

Bowman is over, but will more follow?



Boycott leader Quincy Smith

by John Norton

"You wanted one simple thing—and that was justice," Bowman NAACP president Quincy Smith told a packed house of black parents and children Tuesday night at a victory celebration announcing the end of the four-week boycott of the Bowman school system.

"You have demonstrated to South Carolina and to the nation that you canstick together. We are satisfied for the present—most of our demands have been met—and now we want to fill those school buses up with so many black children they don't know what to do with them!"

The black citizens of the tiny Orangeburg community roared their approval. They were justly happy, having withstood considerable pressures from both local and state sources, to carry out what is undoubtedly the most successful black school boycott in the state's history.

The problems which brought about the boycott are not unique to Bowman—they are shared by a dozen other small rural school districts throughout the state where a white minority continues to run school systems populated largely by blacks—the white having deserted to segregationist academies where they receive the most basic of educations in a lily-white atmosphere. In many of these districts, the white power structure operates both the public and private systems—white teachers and administrators send their children to the segregated academies, and prominent white citizens hold seats on both the public and private school boards. Such was the case in Bowman. Two members of the majority-white public school board send their children to Bowman Academy, and both have been associated with the administration of the Academy through their connections with the Bowman Southern Methodist Church, which owns the former public school building now used to house the Academy. One of the board members is listed on the Bowman Academy charter as vice-president of the segregated school. Additionally, a significant number of white district personnel send their children to the Academy.

Quincy Smith was able to use the private school issue to organize a boycott in which 95 percent of the black school patrons of Bowman participated—a figure which still astounds Smith. The boycott effectively halted the operation of the school district which is about 90 percent black—less than 10 percent of the children in the Bowman district attended the first four weeks of school. The boycotters made five demands: (1) that the district superintendent, W.L. Carter resign or be removed from office. Carter has been accused of insensitivity to black concerns. of refusing to take steps necessary to achieve quality education in the district, and of misusing federal funds (a charge which has been substantiated by a State Department of Education investigation), (2) that the two school board members involved in Bowman Academy resign their positions as public school trustees; (3) that all public school employees whose children attended the Academy be dismissed; (4) that a football field with adequate facilities be provided for the district high school. (The field used by the district's white high school prior to integration was owned by a private corporation, which gave the field to Bowman Academy); and (5) that a vocational-agricultural shop be constructed by the school district to provide training for the largely-rural student body of Bowman High School (all other school districts in Orangeburg County have such a facility).

NAACP President Isaac Williams addresses boycotters.

At the outset of the boycott, the demands were presented to the school board, which has three white and two black members. The white majority voted to refuse the demands, obviously hoping that the boycott would quickly break down. The white majority had good reason to think the boycott might fail; a similar effort in Allendale County only a week before the Bowman boycott began fell apart after two days. But the black boycotters persevered, despite the obvious economic pressures on blacks in a rural, white-controlled community. When local welfare caseworkers threatened to cut off support checks of blacks whose children were not in school, Smith and other black community leaders contacted the State Department of Social Services, and received assurances from Welfare Commissioner Archie Ellis that such actions were illegal and would not be tolerated.

During its first three weeks, the Bowman boycott received state and national press attention, and as it became obvious that the boycotters would hold out indefinitely, the white school board members apparently decided to negotiate.

On September 13, the school trustees sent a letter to Smith stating that "collectively and individually, we believe that our dual responsibility to the citizens of this community who elected us to our positions and to the students of the school system which we are responsible for administering, requires that we take the following actions in response to the matters complained of by your group."

The trustees ignored the first demand, calling for the resignation or dismissal of the school superintendent. The second demand, which asked for the resignation or dismissal of the two school board members involved in the private academy, was answered in part; board chairman James West agreed not to seek re-election when his term expires next spring, but board member Timrod Austin remained "undecided" about his future plans. In response to the third demand, which called for the dismissal of all school personnel with children in private school, the board stated that while such personnel should be retained at present, they would be the first individuals dismissed should district funds be cut. The board also stated that it would not hire any new personnel whose children attended private school and would warn new personnel that should they place their children in private school, they would be asked to resign.

On the fourth and fifth demands, concerning the football field and the vocational shop, the board agreed to provide adequate facilities for the Bowman High football team and added, "when present commitments for building funds for the dressing rooms and showers for the athletic field are completed, the Vocational/Agricultural Shop will be Number 1 on the building priority list."

The Bowman boycotters met on September 16, and while they agreed that the board had made several necessary concessions, they voted to continue the boycott until the issue surrounding District Supt. W.L. Carter was settled. Smith announced that the boycott would continue until Bowman blacks received assurances that Carter would resign or be dismissed.

Following Smith's announcement, a series of negotiating sessions were held on Monday and Tuesday of this week. Following the sessions, Smith made the somewhat surprising announcement that the board's compromise would be accepted with

Continued on next page

Bowman Boycott Ends

Gov. West and James Clyburn: behind the scenes in the boycott

From preceeding page

one change—Austin would agree not to run again for school board if his children continued to attent the private academy. So far as Carter was concerned, Smith said the matter would be "handled through the courts"—presumably Carter would be sued by the Bowman NAACP chapter for misuse of funds and general malfeasance.

The Tuesday night meeting was called to celebrate the end of the boycott, to urge parents to return their children to school and to urge students to conduct themselves with dignity and restraint. The victory celebration had a strange air about it; only two days before, the boycott leaders had refused to accept the school board compromise, and now, with one minor change, the leaders acquiesced. The explanation given by the news media revolved around James Clyburn, a black administrative assistant to Governor John West, who entered the fracas following the boycotters' refusal to accept the board compromise. Statements by Clyburn, Smith, state NAACP president Ike Williams and other black leaders present at the Tuesday night celebration indicated that the boycotters had decided to pursue the Carter resignation through legal channels. "The issue that surrounds (Carter) is one of legality," Clyburn told the Bowman parents. "We (black people)have always had a great respect for the legal system. We just want the law to apply equally to everybody. The due process clause protects Carter just like it protects us."

The talk about due process had a noble ring, but to some who were present, it appeared that the boycott organizers had given way to pressures from the State House. Although Clyburn contended after the meeting that he was not officially representing West and that nay agreements made were strictly between the Bowman NAACP and the local school board, it was obvious to the news media that the governor had done *something*.

It was already generally know, though not publicized, that the Governor and State Superintendent of Education Cyril Busbee were seriously concerned over the situation in Bowman, A source in the state department of education stated recently that Busbee was afraid the Bowman situation might set a precedent which blacks in other school districts would follow. The source contended that Busbee had gone so far as to send a letter to the Bowman school board (at least its white members) urging them not to capitulate to the demands of the boycotters. Additionally, an attorney for the state department recently made a public statement to the effect that the department would not be "bullied by pressure groups" such as the Bowman boycotters. (To which Quincy Smith replied, "This whole country is run by pressure groups.")

It is not known if West shared equally in Busbee's concern over the precedents which might be set for blacks in other school districts, but it is clear that West was anxious to end the massive publicity which was given to the Bowman boycott and which was sure to increase if the boycott continued indefinitely. West was in a somewhat difficult position, however, for he has stated on several occasions that the governor does not have the power to remove school officials from the positions in which they serve. (This opinion has been questioned by several legal experts, who contend that the governor does have such power). It would appear, therefore, that West lacked the necessary leverage to force Carter or the school board members to resign or accept a compromise. However, Osceola has learned that West has worked out a deal with Superintendent Carter whereby Carter will agree to accept another school job, probably in some district other than Bowman, within the next year. According to our sources, Clyburn negotiated the compromise with Carter.

On of the conditions of the compromise between Carter and the governor was that no public announcement of the agreement be made. According to our source, Carter was adamant on this point—which is not surprising, since he refused to resign after 90 percent of his constituency labeled him "incompetent." As the source put it, "Carter is determined that he won't be pushed around by the blacks in Bowman."

It seems certain that the Bowman Boycott leaders are aware of the West-Carter compromise, and that it is the real reason the boycott was called off two days after they turned down the other compromise offered by the Bowman school board.

It may be too early to term the Bowman boycott a complete success. It is possible that West or Carter or the white school board members will renege on their promises and assurances. And the school board's statement that should funds be cut, private school supporters will be the first individuals dismissed raises serious constitutional questions involving due process and first amendment freedoms, should the dismissed employees take the matter into federal court. However, Quincy Smith made it clear Tuesday night that should any of the conditions agreed upon not be met, the boycott would be resumed. Smith also urged the boycotters to register to vote: "We've got enough people in this district to elect an all-black school board," he told the crowd. "We don't want an all-black school board, but God knows we want to control it!" Bowman's black voters could elect a new black school board member next spring, which would give them a black majority, and the votes to carry out the wishes of the black community.

What influence the Bowman boycott will have on other similarly-situated school districts is of course as yet unknown. But if Superintendent Busbee's fears are realized, and the Bowman settlement does encourage blacks in other districts to organize around similar demands, then South Carolinians can expect action in District's like Calhoun No. 2, Sumter No. 2, Bamberg No. 1, and Lee County where the public school systems are still largely controlled by white private school organizers.

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The American Revolution is Being Brought to You By...

In celebration of our country's Bicentennial, corporate America and the White House are planning to sell you the American Revolution. Plastic liberty bells. Red, white, and blue Fords. Sarah Lee 1776 Birthday cakes.

But if they really understood the Revolution, they wouldn't be planning to push it so hard.

Two hundred years ago, this country was ruled by a repressive and unresponsive government which taxed the people, but served only the interests of a wealthy few.

The American Revolution was, above all, the overthrow of an entrenched establishment. The first American patriots risked their lives to realize the revolutionary idea that government ought to originate from, and serve the people. Make no mistake, theirs was a radical concept.

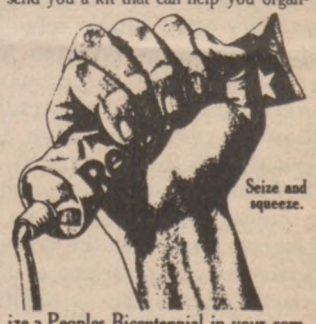
200 years later, the government they fought to establish will be teaming up with the corporations to spend a lot of money to convince us that nothing very radical happened back then. The Bicentennial planners will try to reduce the Revolution to a marketable style that reinforces their interest in a pacified America.

Who are the Tories of today? We think its rather clear.

The Peoples Bicentennial Commission is a non-profit group of non-sectarian people. We want to put the American Revolution back to work, and we think the time to do that is now. We're helping to plan a peoples campaign for the Bicentennial. A grass roots movement that can focus all of our energies into a force for decisive change in the 1970's.

The Bicentennial is our chance to raise the same questions that people like Molly Pitcher and Tom Paine raised 200 years ago. They joined together and made history. We can do the same, and make the most exciting of times happen again.

We're asking you to join us. We'll send you a kit that can help you organize a Peoples Bicentennial in your community. It costs $7.00. Included are program suggestions and study guides, posters, pamphlets, buttons and our bimonthly newspaper which keeps you in touch with people doing the same thing in other parts of the country. Write to the Peoples Bicentennial Commission, Washington, D.C. 20036, or call 202/833-9121.



The second American Revolution. It's a big task, but not as big as taking on George III.

Peoples Bicentennial Commission, Washington, D.C. 20036.
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It came from outer space...

by Jon Buchan

Rick, my Armenian attorney, knew we were lost long before I did. In fact, he had known since early that morning, when I had first heard about the repeated sightings of Unidentified Flying Saucers around New Ellenton, a small town in Aiken County. My eyes had narrowed with a renewed curiosity about the still unexplained fiery object I had seen a year ago zipping across the 4 a.m. skies outside Burlington, Colorado. I knew I had to go to New Ellenton. And Rick, who was watching me, figured he would be dragged along. He knew even then we were lost.

I didn't realize we were lost as we whizzed down U.S. Highway 215, looking for S. C. Highway 302 (noted on the map as an "other paved surface"). We crisscrossed the area near where the the map swore we would find 302, which would take us almost to New Ellenton. Finally, we pulled into Folks Grocery to ask for directions. Folks Grocery is a typical old wooden country crossroads store, a Norman Rockwell classic. On the door is the warning, "No whisky-drinking allowed on the premises."

Rick decided I should employ my native good-ole-boyishness to request a bit of directions, take in a whiff of quaintness, and perhaps purchase a Big Town Cake. When I entered, the old proprietor was engaged in a minor argument about a pay-off on the pinball machine in the corner. The man he argued with was a mean, smooth-haired type I had known well in my early rural years: the kind who thinks shotgun racks for trucks are the greatest invention ever. (No concealed weapons, no sir). Trying not to intrude, I selected my pastry and waited until the proper lull.

"Could you tell me how to get to Highway 302?" I drawled carefully.

"Never heard of it," the old man said.

My heart sank a little. "Well, hell."

The old man frowned at my expletive. "Where you trying to get to?"

"New Ellenton."

He told me a way to get there, took my dime for the Banana Big Town Cake, and frowned at me while I moved toward the door. I could read the sign on the back of the door as I opened it: "No swearing or vulgar language allowed. The next person to walk in this door could be your mother, your daughter, your sister, or your wife."

I knew we were lost.

*****

Residents of New Ellenton and the surrounding area claim they have been sighting mysterious objects in the nighttime sky for the past several weeks. Similar sightings, two weeks ago in Southern Georgia brought television film crews rushing South and elicited responses from startled responsible citizens and officials who said they had seen strange flying objects. Last Wednesday, 15 New Ellenton citizens summoned their police chief to investigate an object hovering near their homes. They claimed it was about twice the size of the North Star, moved frequently across a 60-degree arc of the sky, and changed colors from red to blue to green to silver. It moved up and down, according to the observers, above New Ellenton for about an hour , then suddenly, rushed straight up and disappeared.

Rick and I suspected we were approaching the UFO area when we passed the Atomic Wrecking Company outside New Ellenton. We found Police Chief Fields at his mobile home on the town's outskirts. Off duty, his sleeves pushed back to reveal his tatoos, he told us about last week's sighting. Fields arrived too late at the scene to see it himself.

"Most of the people who saw it are responsible citizens of this community, so I can't just discount what they said. I don't think it's just a joke. They all had the same story about what they saw. I don't think any of them are the type who would report something that wasn't true."

"Nobody was laughing. I'll tell you that. It was no joke."

Chief Fields summoned one of his two patrolmen to drive over and escort us around town to find some of the people who saw the mysterious object. Sgt. Joe Williams quickly appeared and offered to chauffeur us in his patrol car. He seemed uncertain just how seriously to take us.

Williams took us first to talk with some of the younger kids who had seen the UFO. They told us the same story they had told the chief, pointed out where they had seem the round lighted object, and seemed calm about the whole matter. Young Tony Cushman said we should talk with the Hornsby family, who had also seen it.

As we looked for the Hornsby's house, I asked Williams what he thought about the sightings. He shrugged and said nothing. The ever-unctious Rick told Williams he hoped we weren't taking up too much of his time. Williams said we weren't, but that he had been overworked in recent weeks.

"We only have three men here and we need four." A crime wave in New Ellenton? I proposed. "No, it's the kids beginning to smoke that marijuana. And once they start, it only gets worse." Ah, perhaps he had given us an inadvertent clue. MARIJUANA-CRAZED RESPONSIBLE CITIZENS SEE UFOs. Or perhaps a bum lead, not worth checking out.

The Hornsbys, who had already gotten a lot of local publicity because of their UFO claims, were at first reluctant to talk. They are solid New Ellenton citizens—he works at the nearby Savannah River Plant—with reputations to protect. But when they saw us arrive in a police car, with The Law on our side, they yielded.

"Bob has always believed in flying saucers," said Mrs. Hornsby, as she tood in her front yard, "he would like to see one land and try to communicate with them. When the people called and said there was something over our house, he ran out here in his pajamas."

"You could tell right away it wasn't an airplane," added Mr. Hornsby. I stood right and watched it go up and down. Don't tell me it was an airplane or a helicopter or a weather satellite. I've seen all of them and they don't move like that. If it was an airplane, the United States has got some planes they haven't told us about."

"It wasn't the North Star either. It was bigger and besides, I checked when I came out and the North Star was in another part of the sky. And it wasn't just a cloud covering a star, like some people asked me."

"I don't believe it was something from earth. I believe there's something out there. They've probably landed before. People say they have seen them. But I don't want too much publicity about this thing. I've already taken enough ribbing from the boys at the plant."

Hornsby began telling us about the one other time he thought he saw a "flying saucer." His wife cautioned him not "to swear like you did on the radio the other day." He said he and a friend, Willie Sutton, had seen a bright light, similar to a street light, near Oak Hill.

"But we knew Oak Hill didn't have any streetlights, so we went up to investigate, thinking it might be a helicopter crashed or something. But we never found anything but the light. I said, 'What the hell is it?' He said, 'I don't know, but let's stop and get a beer."

We asked Hornsby what he would do if he saw one land. He said he wasn't sure. His wife said coyly, "It might scare the h-e-l-l out of you."

*****

Sgt. Williams told us of other people in the area who said they had seen UFOs recently. A deputy Booth, of the Aiken County Sheriff's Department, had told me earlier on the phone that he had been seeing them for years and had reported several to the Air Force. Williams told us we should ride 10 miles over to Jackson and talk with officer Wilson. According to Williams, Wilson had seen strange flying objects often recently and had invited Williams over to watch them.

The first thing we saw when we cruised past the city limits of Jackson was a Jackson police car parked near the highway, clocking potential speeders along the four-lane, 35-mile an hour road leading to the entrance of the Savannah River Plant. We approached the car and the town's top law enforcement officer, Police Chief Bently was inside, watching his radar needle. We told him we wanted to talk with Wilson, but Bently said he was off-duty. We realized our deadline wouldn't permit a protracted stay in the town, so we asked Bently what he knew about the UFOs. He wasn't getting much business, so he talked a while.

Bentley said Wilson had shown him the object once. He said it looked like a group of stars, moved frequently, and alternately got dimmer and brighter. He said that though he didn't see it too well, it seemed strange to him.

"When I was a boy, I used to go out in the pasture and look at the stars at night. I know what the North Star is and what the Seven Stars are. But this wasn't like no star I ever saw and it wasn't like no airplane I ever saw. I don't know what it was."

Bently suggested that we kill three hours in town until Wilson came on duty. But three hours in Jackson seemed like a long time, so we left our number and said we hoped Wilson would call.

*****

We had one more lead to follow up. Willie Sutton's 16-year-old son Larry had told Hornsby that he had seen a UFO several times this summer in the same place. Larry had just finished his paper route when we pulled into his driveway and agreed to talk. He did not push his story on us. He seemed not the care if we believed him or not.

"It was always oval-shaped and it had a dome on the bottom. There were green and red lights on it. We were out near the golf course and watched it come in through the TV towers. We got to within 75 yards of where it was hovering and saw it through binoculars. It scared me a little then, but since I first saw it, I've done a lot of reading about flying saucers. It wouldn't scare me now.

"If it landed, we wouldn't have anything to worry about. There wouldn't be any wars or anything. They've been coming here a long time. And if they've survived this long, I figure they've learned to live without wars."

*****

It was about dusk as Rick and I headed back to Columbia, with assurances we would be phoned if there were any more sightings. Rick said the sightings might have something to do with that expansive closed-to-the-public area around the Savannah River Plant—maybe they are testing a secret aircraft. Or maybe it's a foreign country—or something else—spying on our nuclear secrets. I said it could have been aircraft from the nearby Air Force base. We found Highway 301 again and motored along in silence for awhile. Suddenly across a field of unharvested feed corn, we could see a silver oval shape with red blinking lights looming in the distance. Rick nudged the accelerator It was probably just the top of a water tower, but neither of us looked back.

Bob Hornsby

The Selling of the volunteer Olive-Drab

by Jon Buchan

Today's Army Wants To Join You. The vague, somewhat suggestive slogan stares out from everywhere. Backed by its $27 million-a-year advertising budget, the U.S. Army is earnestly cultivating a new, more desirable image to replace the bad taste left by the Vietnam war and the inequities of the draft system. Through the Philadelphia public relations firm of N.W. Ayer (which also handles the accounts of such distinguished customers as A.T. & T. and DuPont, the Army is putting its best face forward everywhere potential recruits could possibly look: high school football programs, urban and rural newspapers, form letters, magazine ads, billboards, book covers for schools, slick full-color brochures and pamphlets, radio and television spots, and unsolicited personal visits from recruiters.

Yet despite higher pay, better vacations, improved living conditions, more and better educational opportunities, and the phasing out of much of the mundane trivia of Army life, many people involved in the New Volunteer Army—especially the pressured recruiters and the drill sergeants who have to train the recruits—are less than satisfied.

Smug I-told-you-so headnodding is becoming prevalent among early critics of the Volunteer Army concept as discouraging reports on its progress begin to filter back to Washington after the first eight months of operation. Opponents long ago declared the volunteer concept would attract too few recruits and that those attracted would be less educated, less intelligent, and less trainable than under the draft system. Many said the volunteer concept would result in a mercenary army of poor blacks and other disadvantaged persons led by an elite officer corps to fight wars for America's privileged classes.

As Pentagon officials total their figures for the first eight months of the new program, many of these predictions seem to be matching reality. The percentage of blacks entering today's Army has risen from around 14 percent in the late 1960's to about 21 percent now. Nationwide monthly objectives for attracting recruits have not been met since January. (The recruiters hit their lowest point in April, when they attracted only 55 percent of the objective set by the Pentagon. In July, the figure was up to 70 percent, but still considerably below what Pentagon officials said was the optimum number of men needed.)

A situation some critics find even more distressing is that as recruiters are faced with the increasingly difficult task of persuading potential recruits to join, the quality of recruits is declining sharply. After months of unmet quotas and growing pressure on recruiters (over 100 recruiters have reportedly been dismissed for improper enlisting practices, such as helping potential enlistees cheat on exams), the Army is enlisting men who would have been rejected even a few months ago.

Until recently, the Army had a policy which discouraged recruiters from enlisting a high percentage of men in Category Four, the lowest intelligence group accepted by the Army. That policy seems to be changing fast According to figures from Pentagon spokesmen, 13.6 percent of all men inducted into the Army in June were in the lowest intelligence category; in July, when restrictions were eased, that figure jumped to 31.5 percent.

Despite the overall pessimistic outlook after the initial eight months and the general despair among recruiters all over the country, recruiters based in South Carolina are all smiles. Major James Coleman, executive director of the Main Recruiting Station (which is in charge of all but four South Carolina counties, says his recruiters have averaged nearly 110 percent of their recruiting objective since January. One of his recruiters, Sgt. James Adams of Florence, is unofficially the top recruiter in the country. In 1972 he recruited nearly three men for every one he was asked to enlist.

Recruiting, according to Coleman, is not the easiest job in the world. "A recruiter is a salesman. But he's not selling an appliance or a car. He's selling an intangible product. You can't see, hear, feel, nor smell three years of a man's life. If a man is a good recruiter, he can tell me he can sell anything in the U. S., and I'd believe him."

★★

Sgt. Jerry "Andy" Andrews is one of these Army salesmen based in Columbia. During his four weeks at recruiters' school (they now spend eight weeks), Andrews must have heard Coleman's story about the recruiter as "salesman of an intangible product" because he repeats it often.

"I love recruiting. I couldn't do it if I didn't believe in the Army, and I definitely do. I'm a salesman. More like an insurance salesman, because I'm not selling something like a car or a washing machine. You can't see it or feel it. It's—what do you say—intangible."

To reach the objective of eight recruits set for him by the Pentagon for September, Andrews has his own special technique. He makes contacts with all the high schools in his area, providing them with endless visits, book covers, charts, and other promotional material to keep the Army in their minds as an alternative career after high school. And each day, Andrews picks 10 names from his list of 1972 high school seniors and visits their homes. He doesn't phone ahead. He says he prefers to surprise them face to face.

On one day in early September which Andrews classified as not untypical, this reporter accompanied him as he visited nine homes. For several hours, we prowled through one of Columbia's upper-class residential sections in his air-conditioned olive-drab U.S. Army automobile, peering at house numbers to match the addresses on his hand-printed cards. "These lists of high school seniors are our bread and butter," he assured me.

We found one of the homes and Andrews pulled into the driveway. He stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray, smoothed his khaki shirt, and took a last glance at the card. "Tony----, and he went to Dreher High School. I always leave the card in the car, it looks less formal." It was hot outside the car and Andrews was nervous on the first call of the day. His door-knock was answered by a woman who explained that Tony was now a freshman at Clemson. Andrews, in his soft, almost unctious Alabama drawl: "Well, that's really good. I hope he does very well. What's he studying?....If he decides for some reason he wants to leave for a while, tell him to give us a call." "I will, He's already gotten plenty of mail from you." All smiles, he jumps back into the car, drives a few houses down out of sight, then stops to record the information on the card. "If I find out they're in college, I wish them well. It's p.r. all the time."

At two of the homes, no one answered the door and he left a card with a personal note on it. At the other seven, Andrews was told the young men were either away at college or working. Andrews explained that some days just worked out that way, but said he had an interview lined up for the next day with a 18-year-old boy who had decided to leave school. The boy had called him at the office.

"Now we don't try to get kids to drop out of school to join the Army. We would rather have the graduate. If he says he wants to leave school, then I tell him to talk with his guidance counselor. (Major Coleman agrees with this philosophy. "We certainly want limits on the number of Cat Fours (Category Fours) and drop-outs we take. The reason for this is that we don't want an Army made up of dumb asses. We want high school graduates. We feel they have made it over the first big obstacle in life.")

The next day's interview was arranged for 10 o'clock. Andrews was a little late leaving his office for it because several young area residents came in that morning to enlist. The boy who had called the day before lived in a white lower middle class section of Columbia off Leesburg road.

Andrews met with the boy and his mother in their living room. It was a small room in a small wooden house with walls covered by pictures. A large glowing-red framed gas station tapestry of a peacock covered the wall over the sofa. In one corner was a picture of the traditional praying hands and a lighted picture of Jesus walking on the waters. Over another chair near the stereo was a reproduction of a portrait of George Washington.

Andrews had no need for a hard-sell pitch there. Both the boy and his mother were apparently convinced he should join the Army. Both of his brothers had spent time in the Army and the mother said it did them both good. "Son, you just can't get on the outside what the Army can give you on the inside." A friend of his, only 16, had tagged along to talk with the recruiter who explained he was too young to join regardless of who signed for him.

The new enlistee was quiet. He finished the tenth grade but decided that was all he wanted of school for now. As his mother repeatedly pointed out, he is large for his age and "would make a good soldier." Andrews said he would have to check on the boy's criminal records, since he acknowledged some past minor legal run-ins with the police. Andrews gave him a 20-minute, 48-question multiple choice screening test. When he finished, the recruiter said he would return that night to have both parents sign the papers. If the boy passed the test and the criminal records were clear, he would be at Ft. Jackson in four days.

★★

Andrews' techniques are not the only ones employed by local recruiters. Some visit—in and out of uniform—local hang-outs such as bars and barber shops. Sgt. Leroy Nalles, a black recruiter, said he occasionally visits such places. His assigned area, however, includes some residential neighborhoods, too. "I think most recruiters start off being afraid of the areas with the $50,000 homes. I do some of my best recruiting there. These kids want to get away from their mothers."

Whereever it might find recruits, the Army has had a good recruiting area in the South in the past. Recruiters, however, expect that job to get tougher. Not only are they competing with the other services (all offer the same pay scales, starting at $307.20 per month for the lowest enlisted man) for qualified recruits, they are competing more and more with private industry. In the Greenville area where employers are fighting for workers, the South Carolina recruiters are having their toughest problems. They are presently working on a special advertising and promotion campaign in the area to support their recruiting operations.

The Volunteer Army's emphasis on advertising and promotion is exemplified by the presence of 33-year-old Pete Lloyd, sent here by N.W. Ayer to offer advice and help coordinate promotion in Greenville and throughout the recruitingg area. While Army officials say their total advertising budget in pre-volunteer days ran in the range of $3 million annually, the present budget is in the $25-28

million range. Lloyd, a former Air Force public information officer, coordinates the national advertising funds on the local level as well as assisting the local recruiting personnel in deciding how to spend the $35,000 allocated specifically for this area.

(None of this multi-million appropriation, incidentally, is spent on television and radio advertising time. All the promotion through these media are contributed by the local stations. When the U.S. Senate and House conference committee met to discuss the spending bill, members of the House Armed Services Committee demanded restrictions on the purchase of air time. They reasoned that the air waves belong to the public and the ads should be given as a public service. Recruiters faced with the practical problems of competing for time with hundreds of other national and local charities and causes have expressed a desire to be allowed to purchase radio and television time.)

An interesting controversy has arisen recently over the purchase of recruiting and re-enlistment ads in such magazines as Playboy. Several quite righteous members of Congress have criticized the Army's spending money in magazines declared pornagraphic by "local standards" in some parts of the country. Army advertising officials say Playboy, for example, is a sure medium for reaching young men of the age level they are trying to recruit.

It is no surprise to most people involved in recruiting that the Southeast has been the most bountiful recruiting ground for the Volunteer Army. It has always been an area receptive to the manpower needs of the military, according to Major Coleman.

"The Southeast has always been the best recruiting area for all services, to the best of my knowledge. Qualified recruits have been available and have enlisted."

"People down here have a different attitude toward the military than in other parts of the country. They seem to have a more pro-military attitude. It could be its military background—the Civil War, the Revolution, the Spanish-American War."

Sgt. Andrews agrees with Coleman that a major part of the recruiting success here is based in the South's military traditions. "A good portion of the South is still real patriotic. They still have a lot of Fourth of July parades and bar-be-ques and VFW meetings. There's a different attitude in the schools. Only one-third of the high schools across the country would let recruiters come on campus last year. In South Carolina we must have had 99 or 100 percent cooperation."

Col. Gerald R. Roys, a California native who is head public information officer at Fort. Jackson, thinks that theory is a bit over-simplified.

"It's not so much the South vs. the North or the West, but urban vs. rural. It's really a question of economics. You take a boy raised on a farm and he gets about out of high school and he begins to think about that farm. He decides he's not going to settle for 40 acres and a mule. He wants to get off the family farm. Family ties are less stringent now. No more required gatherings at Aunt Susie's on Christmas and Thanksgiving.

"The schools here rank near the bottom of the totem pole in quality and quantity. And you have some of the laxest rules about dropping out of high school I've ever known. I doubt if the ones you have are enforced. The kids here are economically and educationally deprived, and to them the Army looks like a good opportunity." What does this mean for a volunteer Army made up of such "deprived" people? "I'm not in a position to answer that."

The pay scales and benefits have been improved to encourage enlistment and to a disadvantaged youth they must look pretty good. Just after World War I, the starting salary for the lowest enlisted man was $21 per month. That figure increased to $75 in 1955, and to $102 in 1968, to $268 in 1971 and now to the previously mentioned $307.20.

Many critics long ago warned that a volunteer Army would mean a black army. According to Sgt. Nalles, the ratio of new recruits from Richland County is running about 60 percent black/40 percent white. He said Richland County is about 40 percent black. Sgt. Andrews has also noticed a trend toward a higher percentage of black recruits than in the general population.

"For a while there, I was getting nothing but blacks. It really shook me up and I was thinking about getting out of recruiting. I didn't think our Army should be all black or all white. There ought to be a balance. I talked it over with my superior and he said that in other parts of the country they were getting all whites and it would balance out," Andrews said. (Major Coleman disagrees with the observations of Andrews and Nalles: "We have not varied from the general population statistics (regarding race) more than one or two percent.)

"The Volunteer Army may work, it probably will work," said Col. Roys. "From the Army's point of view it will work. We can train an army out of whatever we get, all black, all white, all poor, or whatever. Whether people will want this type of Army, I can't say. The Army is like life insurance. You get what you pay for.

"I can't see how we're going to get as balanced an Army as the one we had under the draft. The birthday lottery was pretty good. You don't have some days when you have rich people born and some days when you have poor people born."

Will the volunteer system create an Army of the black and disadvantaged? "I can't say it will and I can't say it won't. But you're not going to get the middle class without some form of coercion—your doctors', your lawyers', your businessmen's sons." Roys acknowledges that this was part of the complaint registered against the draft system. "But now they can avoid the Army with a clear conscience."

★★

Sgt. Andrews, driving out to Fort Jackson to check on a recruit scheduled for testing, mused over a recent encounter recruiters were given with drill sergeants at the base. Asked if there seems to be a problem with the quality of recruits, Andrews said: "Possibly. It's a matter of public record that the standards have been lowered. There's a few that I've put in that I wish now I hadn't." Inside the reception center at the base, he chatted with another sergeant who deals with the new enlistees. The sergeant complained, "No more boots or clenched fists. That's all gone and it's too bad. I've had to take a few into the bathroom or the shower or behind the barracks. But we had a good Army, a hard Army, then."

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The "gas chamber" at Fort Jackson is an experience the recruits in C-3-1 had been warned about since the first days in basic training. It is a green, one-room wooden building on the drill range, distinguished only by a small warning sign on its door. It is about midway through Charlie Company's seven-week stay at boot camp and the recruits have just finished an afternoon of training on the use of gas masks. The drill sergeants line them up—the platoons, by rough head count, seem to be about two-thirds black—outside the "gas chamber" and trained instructors enter the building, release an irritant gas—stronger than tear gas—and wait inside. The recruits are required to enter the building, take

VOLUNTEER ARMY

continued from page 7

off their masks, shout their name, rank, and serial number, and leave.

The drill sergeants and even the company commander gather to watch the session, testing to find the wind direction, and positioning themselves upwind. Even then the small bit of gas escaping from the doors of the chamber burns the eyes and throats and summons the handkerchiefs to the noses of onlookers.

It is a painful experience for the recruits, one of the toughest physical tests of the training period. The instructiors gather like camp counselors to laugh and watch for the responses. Some run from the doors, leaving helmets and masks on the floor; some come out crawling, retching heaving. A few walk out, a little shaky, but staring straight ahead. Those who leave any equipment behind are made to go back in and retrieve it.

Out on the drill range that day, the drill sergeants talked freely about their reactions to the Volunteer Army. They are almost unanimously pessimistic. Sgt. Isaac Hamilton, a black sergeant with 22 years in the Army behind him, is quietly critical.

"Some of the people we are getting can't read or write. I don't know how they got into the Army. The past two months have been really bad. I don't know how the Army is going to utilize these men. Maybe as truck drivers—I don't know. I think we are getting men the recruiters couldn't bring in before. Now that they are having to fill their quotas..."

Hamilton looked out at the men who were practicing a nerve agent rescue drill. "And these men will have more problems when they get to AIT (Advanced Individual Training). You give them this drill and ask them aboug it later this afternoon and they won't know anything about it. It makes things four times as hard on the drill sergeants. You drill them and spin them around and they'll just screw it up."

Lt. "Doc" McDuffie, a young black officer who graduated from S.C. State, was equally critical of the new recruits "They are less mature, less disciplined, and less motivated. They educational level is lower. They may make good combat soldiers because they are easily led. They don't ask "Why?" like the draftees did.

"Some of them can't read. Ask them how they got this far and they'll say a recruiter helped them on their tests or they paid him something. Something's got to change. I don't think the Army will continue this way."

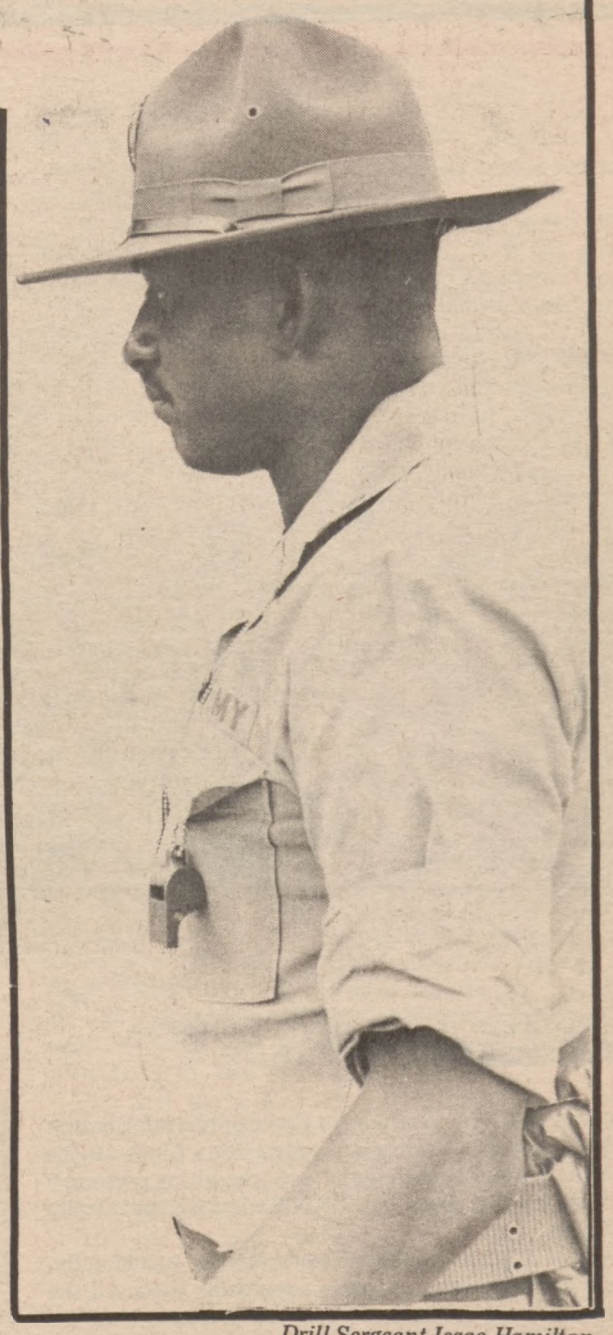
Several officers agreed there is a problem of recruits deciding they want out of the Army after a few days at basic training. Capt. Bouchard, Commander of Charlie Company, said he is getting an increasing number of recruits who want to get out but who don't understand they have signed a three-year contract. "You ask them why they joined and they say, 'I don't know,' or 'I wanted to get away from home." Another black drill instructor said, "We're getting a lot of blacks and Puerto Ricans, a lot of people off the streets who think they will like the Army life and the pay benefits. Then a lot of troops get disillusioned after a short stay there."

"Eventually they're going to have to go back to the draft. We're not getting the quality of troops we need. The Volunteer Army is not working the way they thought it would."

Private Donald Railsback is the perfect example of the way the planners hoped the Volunteer Army would work. He says that last year, at 25 years old, he was pulling down $24,000 a year as a sales manager for a chain that sells campers and mobile homes. But he was working 12-15 hours a day, seven days a week, and taking no vacations. Railsback is a quiet, articulate man, a newly-selected platoon leader who calls himself the "old man" of Charlie Company.

"Hell, I decided I wanted a five-day-a-week job, with four weeks a year vacation. I got out my calculator and figured I can be making the equivalent of $15,000 a year in the Army in a few years, including benefits." Now he gets $365 a month (he has some previous ROTC training, which boosted his starting rank and salary) plus $105 a month family allowance for his wife and two children. Of course, medical and dental care for himself and his family is free. So is housing. If he decides to move off base, he will get a housing allowance which will provide about one-third of his rent or house payments. After basic training, he will be trained as a medic. For Railsback, the Army will be a career, one more attractive than his alternative one on the outside.

"The Volunteer Army? Man, it's gravy for me. It really is."



Drill Sergeant Isaac Hamilton

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Theatre/"Toys in the Attic"

More on The New South

by Mike Smith

Though technically a carpetbagger, Lillian Hellman loves the South as passionately as a native. In what is perhaps her best work--*The Little Foxes (1939)*--she expresses her deepest feelings about this region of our country. This early play concerns the public and private affairs of the Hubbard family--an unscrupulous Southern dynasty determined to corrupt the innocence of the land for the Northern god, Money.

Foxes exposes the villains--as Hellman sees them--of the New South. The playwright's concern for the complacent South of her youth comes forward in a scathing indictment of land-grabbing, oppression, and decadence, Grit-style. The play can still excite anyone who loathes what industrialization has brought us, for it jogs along at a sprightly pace, overcoming the playwright's editorializing and melodramatic plot maneuvers.

In *Toys in the Attic* (1960), currently playing at Workshop Theatre, Hellman provides a portrait of the victims of the New South (the Hubbards are certainly the "winners"): the flunkies who never made it, the little old ladies who always keep dreaming, and the men fighting to call themselves gentlemen. The flow of adrenalin which so characterized *The Little Foxes* has disappeared. Hellman, it seems, has been studying Chekhov, for this later work examines a more poignant and essentially more tragic situation.

Since her childhood, Miss Carrie Berniers had dreamed of only one thing: eternal happiness with her brother Julian. Raised by an older sister (Anna), Carrie and Julian had always fought to escape the haunting family home. For them, their front porch was a paradise into which no intruders, save Anna, could come. Anna served as the link between them and the rest of the family.

As the play begins, Miss Carrie once again feels that her brother Julian-married and living in Chicago--heeds her. She *just knows* that he has failed again, for he has not written to her in 17 days. Once again, she and Anna decide to postpone their long-awaited, much-touted tour of Europe, for baby brother must come first and he needs them because he has probably failed. Upon learning that Julian and his wife Lillie are in New Orleans, the two sisters become even more suspicious of their brother. Julian has gambling in his blood.

When Julian appears with his child-bride, the sisters receive a tremendous jolt—Julian has become rich. He will not tell anyone, not even his wife, about his new fortune. He has come to his sisters, though, to send them to Europe, to give them their grand dream. Neither, however, will accept it readily.

For varying reasons, the three women in Julian's life all oppose his new-found wealth as the mystery of his means of accumulating it intensifies. While they question him, Hellman pricks the audience to attention, lest we miss a clue to the physical or metaphysical mystery. The playwright cleverly weaves rich comedy throughout the play while boring deeper and deeper into Julian's life.

In a sense, Hellman's play concern a very Southern "crime"--castration (and sterilization). Doubted by his wife, desired by his sister, Julian becomes the victim of vampires (Lillie wanders the streets in a trance each night, Carrie prefers the cool graveyard to her family home, who, ultimately, succeed in destroying his dream of wealth and the independence it can bring him).

What totally chills the play is a horrifying absurdity--these women have no choice but to be who they are: people who love Julian Berniers. They do not take part in the destruction of Julian because they are hateful villainesses. They, too, are the tragic victims of the Hubbards' (Walkins' in *Toys*) success. Money has robbed them of their simple dreams of the past, and nothing can somehow ever restore those dreams again.

Top: Belle Meade Heckel, Bill Crumby
Bottom: Sally Cook, Robert Bock
Top Right: Winifred Orr
Bottom Right: Ann Brailsford

Cynthia Gilliam again demonstrates her certain directorial hand. In two-and-a-half hours, she moves the audience through a harrowing afternoon, evening, and following morning. She subtly controls the spiraling inward motion of the play's action, maintaining throughout a langourous feeling which counterpoints the rising dramatic conflict. She also has worked well with her small cast, producing rich and believeable performances from all concerned.

Winifred Orr (Miss Anna) and Sally Cook (Miss Carrie) beautifully counterbalance each other. Orr's Anna is a stolid, stalwart, 50-ish woman without a nerve in her body; yet, she is also a woman of great feeling and deep, almost hidden passions. Cook, as Carrie, presents a more hyperactive, and coquettish figure. Their natural styles keep the wordy opening of the first act moving along quite well. The audience can see the differences between the two women, yet still believe Julian when he says they have become the same. Both show the brunt of oppression, but one loves while the other despairs. Orr and Cook bring the second act to a blazing curtain, as Julian's homecoming begins to affect the family bonds.

As Lillie, the baby-doll wife, Ann Brailsford creates some moments of fine poetry, as she wavers between reality and illusion in her fight to save her husband for herself. In her portrayal of a "brainless" woman, Brailsford reveals how wise an actress she is. Robert Bock's Julian is indeed a tormented man. His boyish air and naivete in the opening act help to underline Julian's tragedy without appearing "heavy" or staged. His Julian in the third act-bloody and beaten--crushes the audience with the despair of his fall.

Belle Meade Heckel and Bill Crumby provide excellent support as Mrs. Prine, Lillie's mother, and her chauffeur (read "lover"). Heckel can be audaciously funny, frighteningly bitchy, and terribly wise in the course of a minute. Beneath her well-sculpted exterior, Heckel reminds us, breathes a woman who--like Anna, Carrie, and Lillie-is capable of wanting something more than money. As Mrs. Prine's lover, Crumby patiently watches this white household as it falls apart, presenting a stolid exterior as well as an interior reality--a mysticism in his role which transcends the verbal. When he does speak, he has something to say and he means to be heard. Andrew Bowers adds comic relief as Gus, the iceman.

Toys in the Attic is, by no means, a great work of the modern stage, but it does offer an entertaining and interesting evening. Workshop Theatre's production stuns and surprises with its simplicity and honesty and professionalism. Enjoy the excellent performances, Hellman's sense of humanity, and the private craving of wanting to unpack the attic and bring down all those toys again.

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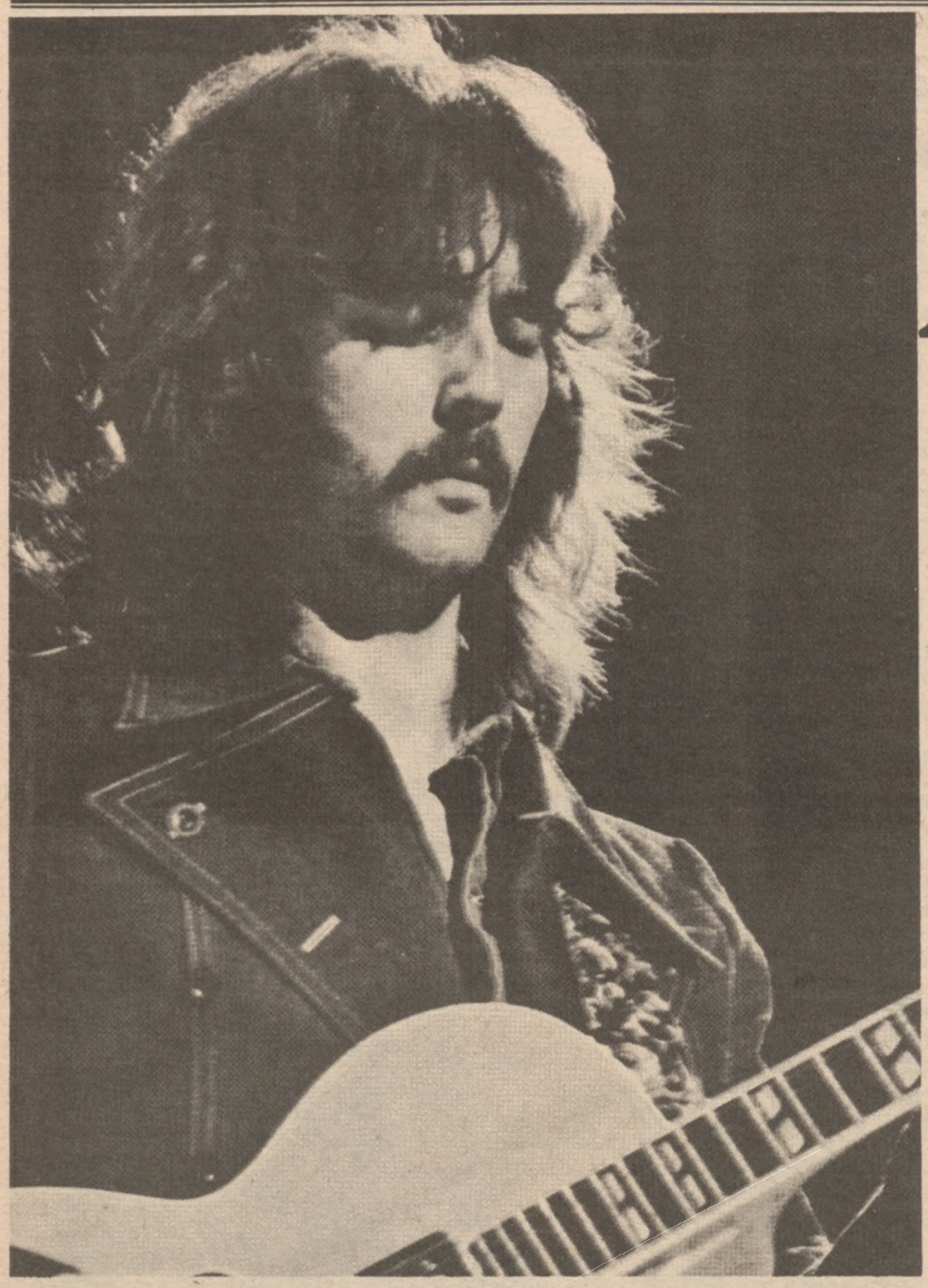

Music/"Clapton's Rainbow Concert"

A troubled star

by Tom Priddy

It's hard to imagine Eric Clapton with an evil, smug grin on his face. In fact, it's hard to imagine him with anything but a frown. Secluded, introverted Clapton is rarely photographed, and it's always with a bland expression.

But judging from Clapton's last two albums it appear he is grinning an evil leer somewhere in a back room, counting money. Either that, or he's suffering from a temporary twinge of uncertainty as to which direction to go, and is running around in circles, simply repeating himself.

Clapton's last album, *Derek and the Dominoes in Concert* was recorded a year and a half before it was released, and it contained nothing that couldn't be found in a better version somewhere else.

Since that last tour with the Dominoes, Clapton has performed live only once, earlier this year at London's Rainbow Theatre. Clapton's friend, Pete Townsend of The Who, arranged the whole show, got the back-up band together, and persuaded Clapton to come out of his semi-retirement.

From those who attended the concert, it was said Clapton was in rare form and that it was his best performance ever. But the evidence, in the form of a record of that concert, is now in, and Clapton wasn't in rare form. He was, if anything, in poor form, and the album, *Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert*, is probably the worst thing he's ever been connected with.

The musicians in the concert-Pete Townshend, Ronnie Wood, Rick Grech, Steve Winwood, Jim Capaldi--are all undeniably good, but it sounds as if they are simply ad libbing and don't know what the next note should be.

"Badge" suffers from too many cooks, giving it a muddled sound and a sluggish tempo. Clapton's vocal is weak and unsure' and the backup vocalists only make it worse'.

Clapton demolishes "After Midnight" all by himself, proving, if nothing else, that in his studio version of the song he must have worked like a dog to get correct pitch. By the time he gets to the, "find out what it's all about," part, the second syllable of the last word is lost only to dogs and VHF receivers.

If that isn't enough, one of Clapton's most sensitive songs, "Presence of the Lord," has more than its share of sour notes.

This jumble of chords in a free-for-all is reminescent of one of Clapton's old groups, Cream, on "Roll It Over." Rather than meaning the song is successful, however, it means that Grech's bass lines are repeated over and over, and the whole thing sounds sluggish.

The most listenable song on the album is Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing." Clapton regains his voice enough to sing it passibly, and the accompaniment is slight enough to keep it moving.

Rather than working together, the musicians seem to have had trouble staying out of each other's way. If the album had shown the slighest hint of anything new from Clapton it might have been successful; just a little emotion or perhaps a new song.

But the album is such a carbon of everything Clapton has already done that it hardly seems worth the effort. Unless Clapton proves otherwise in the future, it seems he's been showing an uncharacteristic streak of greed in living off selling the same thing over and over.

Perhaps it's just a case of insecurity. After you've been with the Yardbirds, Cream, Blind Faith and Derek and the Dominoes, what do you do for an encore? Maybe you just increase your fear of failure and repeat past successes.

But if in three months we're presented with volume two of *Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert*, we'll know for sure that there is a greedy grin Clapton saves for the money-counting rooms.

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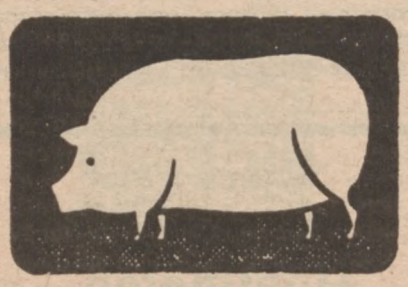

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Cinema/"Godspell"

Capitalizing on the Life of Jesus

by Jerry McAninch

Modern reinterpretation of Christian dogma is a popular subject these days. *Jesus Christ Superstar* recently finished a long run in Columbia. Now we have *Godspell* at the Jefferson Square Theatre.

Jesus Christ Superstar was set in the Israeli desert, empty but for the Christian cultists. *Godspell* takes place in a New York City mysteriously deserted but for the handful of cultists. Even the Pharisees are only symbolically represented by a rumbling blustering robot rather than by humans. This visually empty New York is itself somewhat miraculous.

The film begins in a city that is bustling enough. We follow the daily routines of several young people (an aspiring model, a taxi driver, a waitress, a ballerina) as they go about their chores and we continue to follow them as, after seeing a mysterious disappearing stranger, they desert their routines to converge at a Central Park fountain. In a joyous scene, the stranger (John the Baptist -- and later Judas -- played by David Haskell) baptises them as they romp uninhibited in the fountain to an exhilarating score by Stephen Schwartz. Another stranger, beatific yet comical in his Superman T-Shirt and his elfin shoes with their ridiculous red-orange pompoms, shows up shouting delightedly, "I wanna get washed up." The Baptist, though proclaiming his inadequacy, finally complies.

This joyous Jesus (Victor Garber) leads the rest of the young people in a dance of life across Central Park's Sheep Meadow to a deserted junkyard. Here their faces are painted clownishly while their ordinary clothes are discarded for bizarre hippie attire.

The film bills itself as the Gospel according to St. Matthew - and that it is. Its speeches, though lifted almost verbatim from the New Testament, are shuffled and reassembled in new ways. While some characters narrate the Biblical parables, others act out the stories, often in pantomine. The young people, delightful, creative, and talented, project such an infectious feeling of buoyancy and joy that they quite successfully revitalize the familiar dogma with spontaneously inventive reinterpretations.

In almost vaudevillian scenes they reenact the parables of the seeds of the rich man and the poor man, and of the prodigal son. In one slapstick routine that could be right out of the Keystone Kops, a fight erupts as one person bumps or jostles another starting a humorous chain reaction of petty violence. It eventually becomes a vehicle for Jesus' admonition to love one's enemies and turn the other cheek.

Apparently realizing their affinity with early film comics, they use short episodes from these films to help illustrate the story of the prodigal son. The ex-cab driver (Jerry Sroka) plays the father, as he had also played the seed that fell among rocks, with marvelous comic inventiveness. He gives freshness to traditional dogma and to tired old cliches alike.

Until the final quarter of the film this lighthearted mood prevails as the charming actors reinterpret one parable after another in the deserted streets, parks, plazas, rooftops and even the harbor of New York. The film must have been shot almost entirely early on sunlit Sunday mornings. New York, a totally real setting, is nevertheless transformed into a fairyland by the very fact of its emptiness.

Capitalizing as it does on the joyous parts of the life of Jesus, his message of love and mercy (as well as his warnings to those who failed to follow his advice)), it avoids the heaviness, the egoistic self-preservation, the guilt and recriminations that were the crux of *Superstar* and which that film itself ignited among Jews and blacks.

The flim's real strength is in this infectious buoyancy. When it begins to take itself more seriously (as presumably it must to tell the whole story) it begins to get overly ponderous and to show its limitations.

But, happily, the predominant mood returns again at the end as the apostles carry Jesus' body off and merge again with the crowd from which they emerged in the beginning.

Since the film is stylized and fanciful throughout, the conclusion may seem somewhat overly optimistic, much like Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, where it is also suggested that the youth culture might present a viable alternative to a tired corrupt old world. *Godspell*, like Reich's book, sadly seems rather Pollyannaish with its final naive optimism.

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EVENTS & entertainments

Sept. 21-27

cinema

If you're thinking about going to the movies, call ahead to verify these times and showings. Many area theatres are operated subject to last-minute changes.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225.
"Gordon's War," rages on with Paul Winfield in starring role. Features begin at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225.
"Last Tango In Paris," with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider is on its last days at the Atlantic. If you haven't seen it, you'd better do it now or wait for it at the drive-in. Shows begin at 3, 7:30 and 10 p.m. Rated X. "American Graffiti" begins on September 28.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011
"Enter the Dragon," Bruce Lee's last flick, completes its run at the Carolina. Shows are at 12:30, 2:10, 3:50, 5:30, 7:15, 9 p.m. "Lady Kung Fu" starts here on September 28.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110.
"Showdown," playing at 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30 and 9:20. **DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110.**

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110
"Paper Moon." continues thru this week. Starring Ryan and Tatum O'Neal and directed by Peter Bogdonavich. Showings at 1:30, 3:20, 5:10, 7 and 9 p.m. Rated PG. Starting September 26: "Romeo and Juliet."

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212.
"Warm December,' ' starring Sidney Poitier at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9 p.m.

GAMECOCK THEATRE, Parkland Plaza, Cayce, 796-0022.
"Poseidon Adventure," stars Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Shelly Winters, and a bunch of others star in this one. Shows commence at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30. Starting September 28: "Such A Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza, Cayce, 796-0022.
"A Touch of Class," with George Segal and Glenda Jackson moves over from the Dutch Square. Showings are at 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30 and 9:20.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, 1801 Main Street, 254-6731.
"Godspell," which is reviewed in this issue, continues with shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950.
"Harry In Your Pocket," with James Coburn, Michael Sarrazin, and Walter Pidgeon. Shows at 1:30 p.m., 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800.
"They Call Me Trinity, " with Bud Spencer and Terrence Hill. Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960
"Walking Tall," with shows at 12:40, 2:50, 5, 7:10 and 9:20. Rated R.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228.
"Bang The Drum Slowly," arrives in town sporting a four-star rating from the New York Daily News. It's a story about a ballplayer who is dying. Not times available at press time.

Inflation = Spent
Huntington = Saved

CAMPUS FILMS (Shown at the Russell House Theatre)

All films at the Russell House Theatre are open to USC students, faculty, and staff and their guests. All movies are free and start at 7 p.m. and 99:30 p.m. unless otherwise indicated.

Thursday&Friday, September 20&21
"Taming of the Shrew," (United Kingdom, 1966) stars Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor in Franco Zefferelli's forceful and boistrous romp through Venice as Petruchio attempts to file down the rough edges of Kate, the shrew. 122 minutes. This one is worth the $1 admission price. Also: Part II of Flash Gordon Series.

Sunday, September 23
"The Baker's Wife" (France, 1938). The French can understand a beautiful young wife leaving her husband for the handsome young shepherd. But they lose their tolerance when she happens to be the baker's wife and he is too heartsick to bake their bread. 110 minutes.

Monday, September 24
"The Sea Wolf," (United States, 1941). Directed by Michael Curtis and starring Edward G. Robinson. Jack London's story of Wolf Larsen, brutal captain of a sealing ship, who lashes out savagely at his crew when he realizes he is going blind. Some interesting warnings about Fascism. 90 minutes.

Tuesday, September 25
"Odd Man Out," (United Kingdom, 1947). James Mason stars as Carol Reed directs this stark, tragic tale of a wounded revolutionary shunned by his friends. The film will be followed by a short commentary concerning its meaning, which should be interesting. 115 minutes.

Wednesday, September 26
"Spies," (Germany, 1928). Directed by Fritz Lang. A master criminal masquerades as a famous banker in order to steal government secrets and generally create havoc throughout the world. In a wild melange of intricate plot twists, he almost succeeds in his evil purpose. 90 minutes.

Thursday &Friday, September 27&28
"W. R.: Mysteries of the Organism," (Yugoslavia, 1971). Directed by Dusan Makavejev. "A hilarious, highly erotic political comedy which quite seriously proposes sex as idealogical imperative for liberation; a plea for Erotic Socialism." -- Village Voice. Rated X. It's a dollar for admission, with a Flash Gordon to precede.

television

The following listings exclude WNOK, Channel 19, due to the unavailibility of their programming at our press time.

Friday, September 21

9 a.m. Today in Carolina. Jim Welch and Joe Pinner host Marlin Perkins of Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom show. Later on in the show there will be a session on gormet cooking. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. The Jazz Set. The Bobby Humphrey Quintet will dazzle you with some great jazz. (Channel 35 ETV)

1 a.m. Midnight Special. Host Wilson Pickett has some great groups. (Channel 10)

Saturday, September 22
(Stay home tonight, the tube is decent for a change.)

8:30 p.m. Movie. "Rosemary's Baby" starring Mia Farrow, Ruth Gordin, John Cassavetes, Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Blackmer. (1968) This Roman Polanski thriller is perhaps one of the best horror films of all time. It's about witchcraft as practiced on New York's Central Park West and a young girl's run-in with the Devil. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. Movie. "Cool Hand Luke" starring Paul Newman, George Kennedy, Dennis Hopper. (1968) A great drama directed by Stuart Rosenburg, aided by George Kennedy's Academy Award winning performance. It's a hard choice between this and the "Baby" above, but life is full of choices. (Channel 10)

11:40 p.m. Movie. "The Ravishing Idiot," starring Brigitte Bardot and Anthony Perkins. (Channel 10)

12:30 p.m. Movie. "To Kill A Mockingbird" starring Gregory Peck (1962). An excellent film well worth staying up for. The story of an Alabama lawyer trying to raise his motherless children and at the same time protect them from "racist notions." (Channel 25)

Sunday, September 23

7:30 p.m. Movie. "Funny Girl" starring Barbra Streisand, Omar Sharif, Walter Pidgeon, Kay Medford. Barbra as Fanny Brice gives one of her most triumphant and brilliant performances. A must see. (Channel 25)

Monday, September 24

9 a.m. Today in Carolina. League of Women Voters' Candy Waites is Jim and Joe's guests. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. Football. Dandy Don and Howlin' Howard are calling the shots as New Orleans meets Dallas at home. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. Movie. "The Groundstar Conspiracy" starring Michael Sarrazin, Christine Belford, and George Peppard. (1971) Watch the football game. (Channel 10)

Tuesday, September 25

9 a.m. Today in Carolina. Joe and Jim have "Disney on Parade" as guests. A real Mickey Mouse show. (Channel 10)

Wednesday, September 26

9 a.m. Today in Carolina. A representative of Allied Van Lines talks with Joe and Jim about the mental and emotional pressures associated with moving. (Channel 10)

Thursday, September 27

9 a.m. Today in Carolina. For all you sports buffs, one of the Harlem Globetrotters will be the guest this morning. (Channel 10)

10 p.m. Evening at the Pops. Ninety year old ragtime pianist Eubie Blake joins Artie Fiedler for "Old Timers Night at the Pops." Songs such as "If You Knew Suzy. . ." and "Memories" will brighten your evening. (Channel 35 ETV)

specials

COLUMBIA RUNNING AND JOGGING CLUB and the Governor's Council on Physical Fitness are sponsoring the Governor's Cup Road Race Saturday, October 6. There will be two-mile, five-mile and 15-mile events beginning at 10 a.m. in front of the State House. Awards - trophies, medals, ribbons and commemorative T-shirts will be given as prizes to the participants. Contact Richard E. Harris evenings at his home telephone, 794-0345, for information and an application form.

SCOTTISH GAMES AND HIGHLAND GATHERING, featuring competitive Scottish games, dancing and bagpipe band performances, will be held in Charleston September 22. Top performers from the Southeast will perform at Middleton Place Gardens and Plantations Stableyards. Food booths will feature Scottish delicacies. Contact: Charles Druell or Jean May, Middleton Place, Route 4, Charleston 29407. Phone: 577-2400 or 556-6020.

NATIONAL CENTURY RUN DAY, will be held in Florence September 29 for cyclists capable of riding a bike 100 miles in one day. Contact Warner De Hart at 424 Gardner Street in Hartsville if you're interested.

theatre

WORKSHOP THEATRE will present "Toys in the Attic," written by Lillian Hellman, begining Septeber 18 at the Theatre on Bull Street. The 1959 drama by America's leading woman playwright portrays the intense relationships in a New Orleans' family. See Mike Smith's review in this issue. Tickets cost $2 per person. Workshop box office is open from noon until curtain time, which is 8:30 each night. Call ahead for reservations.

art

COLUMBIA MUSEUM OF ART will present an exhibit called "Shorelines" by Hilton Head's Walter Greer from September 23-October 21. "Shorelines" is a collection of the artist's recent works, 30 canvases which attempt to express the warm pools and sun-drenched beaches of South Carolina's lowlands. Greer was born in Ware Shoals and studied under Ben Shute at the Atlanta School of Art. The Museum is open every day expect Monday.

concerts

JAMES BROWN, will be in concert in several places in the next few weeks, including a concert Sept. 28 in the Coliseum here. Brown will play Greenville on Sept. 1 with general admission tickets going for $5.25 in advance and $6.25 at the door. No reserved seats available.

LIZA MINELLI will be in concert Sept. 29 at 6:30 and 9:30 p.m. in Atlanta's Civic Center. Tickets are scaled at $10, 9, 8, 7 and 6 for those shows. Call the Civic Center at 1-(404)-523-1879 for further ticket information or reservation s

ROBERTA FLACK will appear at Charleston's Municipal Auditorium on Oct. 6 at 7 and 10 p.m. Tickets for the shows are $7, 6 and 5. It's sponsored by the Baptist College Student Union.

Special:

"Let the Good Times Roll," a film re-creation of the 50's, starring Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Fats Domino, Chubby Checker, Bo Diddley, The Coasters, and Bill Haley and the Comets, will start September 28 at the Jefferson Square Theatre.